

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

THE VOLETTE

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE JUNIOR COLLEGE

Volume XVII

MARTIN, TENNESSEE, MONDAY, MAY 1, 1934

No. 25

SOPHOMORE
FAREWELLS

Present Aloha Oe ————
UTJC Program

The Student Council ————
FRESHMAN
EXPERIENCES

— ADVERTISING —

ADVERTISING RATES

Meek Makes
Commencement
Addresses

MEER, FRANK, COLLEGE

STORY VOLUME 1000

STORY VOLUME
1000 COLLEGE

THE VOLETTE
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(Continued on page 2)

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Sophomore Farewells

of course, I am not M'lar. In the fall I am not here, but I have

Assistant Hostess in Barbara Blount Hall. Next year I shall be teaching

not "heart" - saddened because of
to - t some of the familiar

MRS. BLACKMAN.

U. T. J. C. sincerely wishes her a quick and complete recovery.

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Dr. T. J. C. Sincerely wishes her a quick and complete recovery.

CONFETTI

The other day there appeared in the paper an article by a well known professor in England. He put the idea before his readers that blondes were naturally dumber than brunettes. Since then many of the less distinct blondes have changed the color of their hair.

What we want to know is—who left who at the gym the other night. Ragsdale thought she left Brann and Brann thought he left Ragsdale. Seems like Brann is always getting left at some gym.

Seems like Corky has finally got the dope on Red. Boy, that Brann really gets around.

Wine, Women and Song: with Jones and Phillips not wanting to sing but???

Why is it that Diana refuses to blush except when Carter asks her to? Come on Diana, blush for the rest of us.

Gloria Eastwood seems to be hearing from Billy pretty often. Nice going, Doodle.

Some of the students seem to be in a second childhood playing hide-and-seek and catching lightning bugs by the dormitory, but of course in playing hiding, they always hide in couples.

Peggy Goodwin, we must admit is a pretty fair driver. "Let me see, shall I hit the car, or the bus, or both. I think the man in the car would appreciate it more, so here goes."

Brewer is having trouble with Helen again. Can't you keep her straight for a week at least.

What's this between Harry Moultrie and Mrs. Green?

This room-stacking at the Dodd House has got to stop. Harper, Hill, Parks and Moultrie are beginning to feel like construction engineers. Also interior decorators.

Wonder how a certain girl on the campus likes short, fat sailors. What about it, Elsie?

Did you have a big week-end, Henry Williams—Huh??

Hasn't a change come over Joe Johnson since the carnival at Fulton?

Why did Bobby Cates go to Freeman instead of Reed Hall where a certain girl waited for him to carry her to supper? Would you know anything about this Betty?

Oh, Doris Ragsdale! Hear you had a visitor in the dormitory Saturday night. And I mean in the dormitory.

Campus Joke: Thunderous laughter in Mr. Allen's room. In Mr. Kroll's room, everybody with their mouths open. Mr. Kroll: "Mr. Allen must be telling his class a NEW joke." Thunderous laughter in Mr. Kroll's room.

Virginia Duncan, you had better ask those Fulton boys to stay in the car. We have some water ready now.

Believe me, Betty, pick up dates are no fun. Or are they?

There is quite a bit of rivalry on the campus—Navy vs. Martin boy. Namely, Doris Christenbury triangle affair. Wonder what the outcome will be especially since the Navy man is stationed at Millington?

We hear Johnny Bogle has started going home again every other night. What does it mean, Elsie? No more "Faye competition." Is it?

Say, Imogene, you had better lay off Miller.

Wonder who Jane Little could be?

Margaret Buiton had a very warm reception at Freeman Hall Saturday night. She awoke to find herself in bed with a chain and waste basket. Can't someone explain these unusual events. We also can't understand who set her alarm for 3 o'clock.

If anyone has any mice wandering about don't hesitate to call on Mrs. Freeman. Her sign reads: "Rats—Mice—any hour—day or night."

Betty Rhea almost marched down the aisle with Joe Freeman Sunday night. Did we say almost?

Mary Nell Veazey and Nell Robinson tied for the trophy awarded each year for the best tattletale in the dining hall.

It seems that Pinkley and Westover keep rather busy. . . Ma Wilson has strawberries every meal.

Big Joke: A girl was walking down the highway. A man stopped his car and said, "Do you want to ride?" "No, thanks, said the girl, "I am just getting back from one."

You should see Billie Worthington swoon after one of those telephone calls.

Who are these strange boys who come in the living room of Reed Hall at 10:00 p.m. and want dates. That's the second time it happened.

Joe Woods really rates with some of the girls in the Hort class or maybe you could class him as an unfortunate victim of circumstance.

Wonder how B. Worthington felt when she came charging out of her room armed with a tennis racket and met Mrs. Reed?

Ikey Logan and David Fairless are now being seen together constantly. We all agree that they make a cute couple.

Bunny, what do you do to Williams? It seems he became rather "hurried, worried and flurried" one Saturday night.

Betty, do you mean that you can't keep Bobby Cates interested?

Louise's dreams are getting better all the time, aren't they, Joe?

Hey, Mr. Campbell, how come you do us like you do? Where's you get that last "Killer-Diller" quid?

Too bad Ruby Milgore goes to the show in the afternoon and not at night.

Why does Marporie Midyett hide behind the door when she has food to eat? Do her neighbors want a cookie?

One can never tell about Betty Turman—first she's wearing a Navy anchor and then Air Corps insignia.

Hey! Betty Weatherford, Betty Turman and Faye Crank: How do you rate cars and men both?

Say, Sara Seay, how does it feel to get a letter saying his mother has picked out his wife—mainly you?

Tell me how Regina Presnell can get "A" in sewing class. Is it her work or does she stand in with the teacher?

Nell, just which of your favorite cowboys do you plan to write your English theme about?

Frances Fite: What were you doing on the night of May 6, 1945 (Sunday) at 9:30?

Say, Martha Abbott, couldn't you have any luck with that Lt. on the corner Sunday night? Heard you didn't have much luck thumbing a ride with Mr. and Mrs. McMahan.

Ann Hopson, we sure are glad to hear your man is coming home. I don't hear wedding bells, do I?

Wonder why Joy Click was so mad Tuesday morning. Think I heard her mumble something about "Somebody low enough to steal the radio serial."

Helen's in a daze again. I'm sure it couldn't be because of her date with "Gu" Friday night.

Harry Moultrie is the biggest chicken I know. Come on, Harry, fess up. Whom were you with Sunday night?

Smile, Miss Watkins. He'll come back.

Speaking of suitors, Gloria Eastwood is having a week end guest. I don't believe we've heard much about this one.

Since it is nearly commencement time and we are thinking about such things, one of our professors says that he would like to confer a new honorary (?- degree, that of S.A.P. (Supreme Apple Polisher) upon the following: Terry Nichols, Martha Anne Freeman, and Doris Ragsdale.

Here's hoping Dottie Lowe's wounded Marine comes home before they take her off to Bolivar.

Ask Joe Johnson and Tom Ward about their last trip to Fulton.

Can you imagine Brann sleeping to the tune of "Ferryboat Serenade"?

How did you leave Knoxville progressing, Sherrill? Ought to put out a few signs, son.

Ikey Logan and David Fairless bequeath their seat by the flag pole to Miss Watkins and Claybrook.

and
leave their Dilbert signs to Mr. Allen, from whence they came.

Louise Liggett leaves her neatness and dignity to Betty Rea.

Iris Hunt leaves.

PERSONALS

Wanted any kind of man ages 1950 to 1940. Box 127. M. Adams.

Young bachelor, loves life, has varied interests, appreciates correspondence, not "intellectual type," dreams of getting away from it all, but works for a living. Would welcome interesting friendly correspondence with sincere, sensitive female having sense of humor and who, like himself, would ordinarily never answer such ads. Write Box 92.—David Fairless.

A Professional Femme from out west; endowed with adequate health, brains and looks. Requests mature gents who are equally blessed; to write philosophically of life and of books. Write Box 204.—Betty Rea.

Vivacious Blond, New England Yankee, weary of southern drawl, anxious to correspond with British Canadian. Write Box 133.—Mary Duncan.

Flighty Female engaged in dignified profession will certainly go to pieces unless frivolous antidote by correspondence is applied—but quick. Write Box 174.—Ann Hopson.

Noxious nobody craves correspond sumptuous somebody. Box 97.—Iris Hunt.

Gentlewomen, old, gay, young, gray, write friendly male. Box 184.—John Cayce.

Talented Female—Delilah's Antithesis—desires stimulating provocative correspondence. Write Box 51.—Harriet Herron.

Woman Writer and practicing psychologist wants 9 to 5 job. Wins confidence of people easily. Sympathetic understanding outstanding quality. Helpful to author, publisher or psychiatrist. Write Box 162.—Julia F. May.

Gentleman seeks congenial correspondence with young lady under 35, highbrow or lowbrow, preferably Tennessee or Kentucky but elsewhere welcome. Particularly desires chess player or photography hound, although may otherwise be just beautiful if not too dumb. Write Box 140.—Terry Nichols.

Young man, twentish, pipe-and-slippers-by-the-fire type, wishes correspondence with knitting-by-the fire type female. Will answer all replies. Box 112.—Terry Pinkley.

Amateur Art Student wants to purchase three Dimensional Cross Section Study of Female Body. By cross section I mean a number of the type of magician hypothetically makes, if he sawed from head to foot, 20 or 25 times, or like sawing a tree trunk. State prices. Let Tupper, Box 47.

Will a lady in a quiet castle seek spiritual relaxation through exchange of correspondence with a highly learned gentleman. Box 31.—James Wallace.

O Boy! O Boy! Why not O Girl! O Girl! (Just look at their hats). Nonplussed male craves superior (female) enlightenment. John Derington, Box 145.

Young Males Attention! One femme, full of fun, loves people, places and tons of letters.—Ruth A. Ulum, Box 75.

"Tweedy Male" with variety of interests, would exchange epistles with those of the feminine gender.—Billy Joe Berry, Box 68.

Young man whose eyes are bad, desires correspondence, exchange ideas on life, cabbages, kings. Researcher—references. Box 73.—Corky Greer.

Gentlemen who beat wives are advised to read "Chivalry" in the March American Mercury, where they will discover disturbing facts that science has unearthed about them.

Tired of some of your classical phonograph records? Let's swap.—Doris Christenbury, Box 213.

Writer seeking University Girl Student skilled in research, stenography, to assist in research for contracted novel, working nights and week-ends.—Box 1.

How Can I Find Out? Information discreetly developed; any mater, person, problem, anywhere; especially dormitory matters.—Box 54, Elizabeth Johnston.

LOVE

Love is when she sinks in his arms and ends up with her arms in his sink.

A Termite's Nightmare: "I dreamed I dwelt in marble halls"

Dear Maw:

A few weeks ago a certain incident happened in Mr. Allen's class room while he was at lunch. Please Maw, believe me, I cannot draw. Really I did not draw the picture. If at all possible tell him I didn't do it and for Pete's sakes, make him believe you. All my love. Terry.

P.S. I will pay the large sum of \$50 to make him believe you.

Answer: Well, 'old boy, you amalgamated bean pole, rotten tomato. I think your worries are over. If I am correct he believes me. And I am sure that your future dealings with him will be fine. My advice to you is to stay out of trouble with Parson Dodd, Mr. McMahan, Mr. Bowman and Mr. Meek and your troubles are over. Maw Potts.

Dear Maw: Here lately I have been dating a handsome scoundrel—black curly hair, glasses and a body like an animated beer barrel. Now, this pleasant fellow is sweet, even though he does have amorous intentions at times. I like him a lot, but how in the Sam Hill can I keep him from biting my lips? With this meat shortage, he seems to be ravenous. Love, Ikey Logan.

Answer: Well, Ikey, maybe the old boy is short of fodder at the time. He looks like he could hold about 1½ times as much as the Martin water tank. As he seems to be carnivorous, I might suggest the munching of raw carrots all the time you are with him. That should take care of the amorous intentions, too, for who cares to get a mouthful of carrot tops when making an advance? Maw Potts.

Dear Maw: Oh, I am so worried about my boo-ays! They are coming at a very late hour at night, and it seems to take them forever to get to bed. And, Maw, the dear boo-ays are so good, they start to empty their wastebaskets for me, and invariably trip and drop them down the stairs. How can I advise my boo-ays? Worriedly, Madame.

Answer: Well, Madame, you do seem to have some trouble keeping your boys straight. As for their not going to bed, they sometimes can't find their beds (or anything else for that matter) and when they do find them, sometimes it's like trying to put a jig saw together to get them in sleeping position. And you might try nailing the wastebaskets to the floor so the boys won't accidentally pick them up and toss them to Yehudi, who is located about half way down stairs. (And I must say, he's a darn poor catcher). Good luck. YOU'LL NEED IT! Maw Potts.

Last Will and Testament

We, the departing class of '45, do hereby announce our last will and testament:

Bobby Carter will his P. O. box to some incoming freshman . . . but only on the conditions that he will dust it every few days.

Corky Greer wills her Tennessee sweater to Mr. Dunn.

Martha Moss wills her bow-legs to Peggy Goodwin.

Elsie Christenbury, a freshman, says that she will give unconditionally all her pictures of men to any ambitious person (not afraid of work) who will help her hook Bogle.

The sophomores will bequeath their boxes to Helen McGowan to put under her bed.

Cob Corner will bequeath their radio aerial to any freshman who will find out who stole it.

Laura Jackson bequeaths a coke bottle to Helen Burns with these provisions: that she roll it down the hall ever Saturday night when the clock strikes 12:00.

Joe Johnson bequeaths his ability to blush to Red McGee.

Harry Moultrie leaves his torch that he carries for Gwen to any person brave enough to try to get it.

Billy Joe Berry bequeaths his hat and cane to Billy Claybrook.

Grover Westover leaves his mustache to John Casey.

PERSONALS

Coy maid of 17 summers and 18 winters (I was born in the fall of the year) with a taste for things international would like to be taken for a ride in a little red car by some great big he-man with a wolfish manner. Kitty Adams, Box 198.

Lost, Strayed or Stolen: One horse. Finder will return to Mr. Allen for reward.

For Sale: A lubricant made of small parts of intellectual axle grease, smaller parts of midnight oil, aged crankcase drainings, and mealy-mouth talk, to be used in lubricating the legs of profs you desire to pull, so as to make the process less painful to student and teacher. Guaranteed. Write Terry Nichols, Box 13.

Young gentleman, art lover, would like to correspond with responsive, cultured young lady. Joe Johnson, Box 194.

Gentleman, College Graduate, would like to teach Spanish, Portuguese or French in exchange for conversational English. Grover Westover, Box 73.

Is there a lass so fair, with gay heart and writing flair, willing her thoughts to share with a chap aesthetically aware? Tom Ward, Box 100.

Librarian, Trained (A.B., B.L.S.) and experienced (eight years), thirtyish, would like work for the summer months. Good typist. Miss Burney.

Girl Friday, liking writing, bridge, carbaretting, the arts, would relieve business tedium by frolicsome correspondence with chap of chiming interests. Peggy Goodwin, Box 130.

Writer with small, considerate horse wants room, preferably with bath near beach for June, July and August. John Casey, Box 60.

Tall, athletic minded, musical invites progressive-minded male correspondence. Box 52, Carol Mangrum.

Lonesome College Damsel writing literature thesis needs gay words from intelligent males interested in art, music, traveling, medicine. June Tubbs, Box 49.

Do you remember the pictures of horses and mulcs that used to adorn livery stables in the past era? Two competent artists who specialize in horses desire work for the summer. Will paint horses anywhere. If interested get in touch with Terry Nichols and Sherrill Parks, Box 425.

Humble amiable psychologist answers all letters, utterly different. Elsie Christenberry, Box 91.

Girl just out of college wants letters, especially from the male of the specie. Marjorie Midyett, Box 47.

Will some man care to correspond with active professional woman of varied interests. Laura Jackson, Box 45.

Teacher wants part-time summer job where swimming is good. Iris Hunt, Box 20.

Collector wants first editions Western Americana; also Walden edition Thoreau's work. A. Leon Jones, Box 56.

Freshman Farewells

(Continued from page 1)

so kind and sweet that it will not seem right for you to be gone next year. I have enjoyed being in school with each of you this year. I am wishing you success and happiness in the future. Here's hoping to see all of you again soon.

MARY NELLE VEAZEY.

Goodbye and the best of luck to the sophomores of 1944-45.

JOY DOWLAND.

Good, I'll sure miss everyone during the summer holidays. I am looking forward to an exciting year with the freshmen of this year. How I will miss you all sophomores though. I'll just wish them the best of luck where they go and to the coming freshmen for all the good and grand times.

EMOGENE ORAND.

Goodbye new comrades! Goodbye to the summer. Surely we must look back on this year of parting with a heart for the lightest and brightest. I'll just wish them the best of luck where they go and to the coming freshmen for all the good and grand times.

NELL ROBINSON.

Sophomores and freshmen and faculty members, words cannot be found to say farewell in a certain little way I'd like to say it but it has been nice knowing everyone and we will miss the freshmen, but will be greeted by freshmen and faculty members; may I wish all you sophomores success through life and the best always and to the freshmen, I'll be seeing you again. Goodbye to all.

JOY WREN.

I want to wish all of the splendid members of the sophomore class farewell. I am always sorry to see old friends go and I do feel that the sophomores have been very good friends to all the freshmen. We needed your friendships and value it very much. When you return next fall to school, we will miss the old faces that we have seen. I hope that in the coming years you will find all the success and happiness that your hearts desire. I will miss you all. Goodbye to all. I'll be seeing you again. Goodbye to all.

RUTH A. ULM.

Goodbye to the faculty at the Junior College. When I came here, I found a lot of them would be a little bit behind heavy glasses. I was very pleased to meet them. However, when I met them, it was some of the best people with whom I have ever met. This person is the main reason why I enjoyed this term at the Junior College so much.

LAYTON McJEE.

My deepest regret at the close of this school year is that there are many friends among the sophomores whom I may never meet again. My hope is that you may meet as much success as you wish. May the best of luck be with you all.

MAZZETTE OGDENKE.

We upper classmen, the freshmen, it has been a pleasure to have each of you. May the freshmen find you success and happiness. It's a really good-bye to the freshmen. As you go to the Junior College, I'll be seeing you again. Goodbye to all.

CELINE PITTS.

Goodbye to a word that is so long and everlasting. If I could, I would like to use my words to express because it doesn't leave such a vacant feeling. My word is just "so long."

ROSE OLIVER.

I wish to take this opportunity of bidding all the sophomores

good-bye. We will miss you so very much next year. Heck! It's too hard to say good-bye, so I'll just say "best of luck and happiness."

MARY LOU JOHNSTON.

Well, the time has come that we dreaded most and that is saying good-bye to the sophomores. I have enjoyed so much the short time I have known you and wish you success in anything you may do. Here's hoping I'll see you again some day. Good-bye,

BOBBIE JEAN ROBERTS.

Oh heck! I'll not say good-bye because good-byes usually call for a few tears and everyone knows we haven't time for tears right now. So I'll just say "so long" for a little while and I'll be looking forward to seeing each and everyone of you sophomores again.

EVELYN POUNCEY.

Aloha Oe to the sophomores of U. T. J. C. I have enjoyed your companionship, and you have helped to make this year of 1944-45 a pleasure to me. Here's wishing you all the luck in the world.

GENEVA LONON.

I have enjoyed attending the U. T. J. C. very much this year, and I am looking forward to coming back next fall. There will be many familiar faces seen on the campus today that will be absent next year. We hope those sophomores will miss us as much as we will miss them, and we want to wish them the best of luck in whatever they undertake.

SHIRLEY WALKER.

You know, I could be prejudiced in my preference of Middle Tennessee, but seriously, this past year at U. T. J. C. has been loads of fun. I'm looking forward to next year and I expect to enjoy it even more.

MARY C. LONG.

Farewells are frequent at the Junior College. A new group of sophomores go out into the world each year at U. T. J. C. and at the same time a new group of freshmen come to replace those who leave the dear old Alma Mater. Friends are separated, but they are not forgotten. New friendships will be formed next year and as long as the gates of U. T. J. C. admit new students.

ANETA GALEY.

This is just another farewell from another freshman. As a freshman, I didn't find the school like they found me. I am looking forward to an exciting sophomore year.

NELL TRAVIS.

As I leave U. T. J. C. today, I think with all the happy memories of my stay at Martin. I know all my life I shall look on this period of my life as one of the happiest and most inspiring ones in my whole life.

Little things about my professors, their ways, their kindness and friendship—my dormitory life, the house mother and the friendships I have made while I have been here. All these things that have made me happy and satisfied while I was at U. T. J. C.

It is with sadness that I bid farewell to Ole U.T. But my memories are sweet and I know I can always be proud of the gains I made while I was here.

ELSIE CHRISTENBURY.

Only two more weeks and three days and the merry summer holidays will be here. We, the Freshman Class of U. T. J. C., wish to say good-bye to the sophomores of 1944-45. We shall miss all of you, but at the same time, we are glad that your college work is half finished. Here's wishing you the best of luck and two years filled with happiness.

MARJORIE GAYLORD.

I've enjoyed this year at the Junior College and I am looking forward to the beginning of my sophomore year next fall. College has held many surprises for me; most of them have been pleasant surprises.

To the present sophomores, I bid farewell and wish them the best of luck.

CORA DeBERRY.

Sho am gonna miss everybody this summer. Naturally, I will be missed too. I understand, of course, that it will be a pleasant miss, but such is life!!! Be good. ALL-BRANN.

Summer is almost here and many of our friends we will not see again, at least until next fall. We will all miss the good times we had here.

MARIETTA BEYER.

The freshman class bids the sophomore class farewell. We have deeply appreciated all of the kindness shown toward us in helping us to get acquainted with college life. You have taught us many things. We have enjoyed making friends with you. We wish you the most of luck and happiness throughout life. Farewell to thee, our true and loyal friends.

BETTY WEATHERFORD.

To the Sophomores of 1944-45 I want to say farewell. I wish you everyone success and happiness in whatever you may do. I have enjoyed your friendship during this year, and I shall miss you in my second year of college. Although this is farewell, I hope I shall see all of you again in the not too distant future.

MARY ELLEN COCHRAN.

As the end of this school year draws near, I believe most of the students here at U. T. J. C. think of leaving with regret as well as with happiness. Regret because we are leaving the friends we have made, if only for a short while, and happiness to realize that we have completed a year of college work. It has been a wonderful year. We will never forget the friends we have made, the fun we have had and the experiences we have shared.

PAULA SIMMONS.

Saying good-bye always makes me sad; so instead of making a speech, I'll say to you sophomores—"The whole year has been fun and I have enjoyed knowing each of you"—and to you freshmen—"I'll see you next September."

MARTHA ANN ABBOTT.

Because I know the sophomores have enjoyed attending U. T. J. C. as much as I have, I can understand their grief in leaving. We have enjoyed their companionship this year, and wish for them a place in life as pleasant as the one I know they have found here.

ANN WALLACE.

I have thoroughly enjoyed this year at U. T. J. C. When we come back next fall, we will miss having the sophomores around. I would like to say along with many others that I wish them much success and happiness throughout life.

REGINA PRESNELL.

I guess we freshmen have something on you sophomores at last; we don't have to say "good-bye" to dear ole U. T. J. C. for we will be here another year. It's really been fun knowing all you crazy kids and we are going to miss ya, just loads!!!

We'll be thinking of you and wishing you loads of luck.

PEGGY GOODWIN.

As we, students of U. T. Junior College, leave the campus for another vacation, we feel happy; however, there is some sadness also, because some of the friends that we've made will be graduating, and our school days with them will be over. We might meet them again in our last two years of college, but there will be many that we will never meet again. To the sophomores, I wish them all the luck and happiness in the world, and to my own class, the hope of seeing them enter the University of Tennessee Junior College again in the fall. With this may we not say good-bye, but rather 'til we meet again.

DORIS RAGSDALE.

I have immensely enjoyed my freshman year at the Junior College. Everyone has been so considerate. The sophomores have

supplied a home-like atmosphere by their friendliness throughout the year. I sure will miss all you kids next year. FAYE CRANK.

We, the freshmen of U. T. J. C., sure do hate to see you sophomores leaving us—but I'm gonna wish you the best luck imaginable. GLORIA JANICE EASTWOOD.

P.S. If you come to good ole Tiptonville call 124-J—cause I sure will want to see you.

Visitors Who Have Reserved Rooms

There have been many visitors on the Junior College campus this spring who are planning to enroll here for the following year or for the summer quarter. This week end Martha Doris from Bolivar, was visiting Sarah Foster and Mary Lake from Grand Junction was visiting Cora DeBerry. Mary is a cousin of Kathleen Raines. Both of these girls are coming here next fall.

It seems that Trenton and Union City will be well represented next year. Already Virginia Ingram, Katherine Scruggs, Jo Ann Jordan and Corinne Reager from Trenton have made reservations. Anna Rebecca McGowan, Marshella Pardue, Maurine Fuqua and Laprence Allen from Union City visited the campus lately. Lawrence Allen is coming here the summer quarter and the other the fall quarter.

Recently Eleanor Morrison from Covington visited Bunny Mangrum and Carolyn Burton from Paris visited her sister. They are both planning to enroll next fall. Two from Rives have reserved rooms for the fall quarter. They are Carolyn Stovall and Virginia Welch.

It seems from this start that there will be a large enrollment next year. —Virginia Allen.

In Memory of My Dogfish

When I walk into the zoology laboratory and catch that wonderful aroma of your perfume scenting the warm spring breeze, it brings back those heart-stirring memories of those hours we spent together. When I first saw your big black eyes staring into mine, I knew it was love at first sight. Your skin was like sandpaper, your eyes were like pools of muddy water, your teeth were like saws, and your mouth was like a smiling ghost. You were at the moment the object of all my love.

That last day that we were together I could hardly bear to think of leaving you forever in that cold dark can. We were just beginning to know each other, and lived just for those four hours we spent together each week. Now, dear, everything has changed. When I put the lid down for the last time and saw the sockets where your lovely eyes used to be, I realized for the first time what a cruel thing I had done. I realized that I had destroyed not only our love but also you, darling. The only thing which remains to keep you in my memory is a small piece of your heart which I kept and the fragrance of dogfish and formaldehyde which will remain on my hands forever.

All my love,
Zoo Ology.

Something New In Reed Hall

By Mary Clayton Long

The book case in the living room of Reed Hall has taken on new life. These books have just recently been changed in preparation for the summer quarter. As Freeman Hall is not to be used this summer, no change was made in their collection at this time. However, these books were furnished by the Regional Library Service instead of the regular College Library. These books now in use at Reed Hall are a good example of the type books that

the Regional Library distributes to the small towns and communities which it serves. In this case, an unusual effort was made to adapt the books to the student's interest and use.

All of us are aware that we have a Regional Library Service connected with the College Library, but I wonder how many of us know much about it. This regional service began in December, 1941, and in January, 1942, the county courts in eight counties each appointed a board of seven members for the advancement of interest in the library. The recreation of these boards was a requirement of law in connection with the functioning of this service.

The books sent to these towns and communities are housed in various places. Libraries have found their way to country homes, filling stations, country stores, schools, and in the case of county seats to the courthouses. These collections are made up of books which will interest the readers for whom they are intended. Children's books are popular members of these collections. Books are added and changed at intervals. In many cases, smaller communities exchange and borrow books from the collections at the county seats.

This service has grown until it includes 56 towns in nine counties. An appropriation of \$75,000 by the recent state legislature is to be used through a conveniently located educational agency, in cooperation with the counties for the advancement of this library service.

At the present time, further developments are awaited in connection with the advancement of Regional Library Service. It is hoped that this splendid and useful branch of our library is to be continued and extended.

Introducing Our Door Knocker

Do you remember the knock-knock fad of several years ago? In case you were too young to know what it was, here's an example of what I mean:

Knock-Knock, who's there,
Chester. Chester who, Chester song at twilight.
Gretta. Gretta who? Gretta long little doggie—Gretta long.
Shixa. Shixa who? Shixa one—half dozen the other.
Argo. Argo who? Argo chase yourself.
Major. Major who? Major answer the door, didn't I?
Dick. Dick who? Dick 'em up—I'm tongue-tied.
Bob. Bob who? Bob ba black sheep heavy any wool?
Tex. Tex who? Tex us to pull a good one, don't it?
Pettygil. Pettigli who? Pettygil is like a melody.
Cecil. Cecil who? Cecil have music wherever she goes.
Edsall. Edsall who? Edsall there is—there is no more.—Hill Echo, Dyersburg High School.

Kitty Adams, who reads up on such matters as well as writes on 'em, says she can't see the "Bretton Woods" because of the darned "Dumbarton Oaks."

Some may sing songs and ring paeons of romance and spring-time love, but I celebrate the smells that fill the administration building from cellar to attic. The aromatic nostril-enchancing elixir of paint mixed with fish oil; the south seas perfume of the janitor's ancient pipe and pseudo-mixture of cabbage and mullein leaves mixed with home-made to-hacco; the odor of old shoes, of printer's ink from Campus Chatter; the musty odor of ancient learning; and the ravishing fragrance from stale soda pop squirted out of the Coca-Cola machine, whee lazy flies buzz around the bottle tops—boy ah boy, some may sing the songs of spring, but me I swells with the beautiful song of smells!